1.4.80

a Lesson in the University of The New Covenant

Theodore Cottingham, February 15, 2006 8:30am in coffeeshop

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1. Who can believe the words contained herein are true and faithful, and bring eternal life, eternal life, eternal life not like thought by so many, but eternal life in happiness and abundance that knew no bounds, knows no bounds, and has no bounds, and lets you operate in the oneness with the/our father that he is?
Who will saturate themselves with truth?
Who will come into truth to know who/what truth is?
Who will eat it and who will reject it/me?
Who will come into me to let me be me in them so they are fully known to themselves so the real and true them can stand and not be bowed over, serving man and mammon? Who?

2. Do you oh reader hearer trust these words which voluminous have been, but yet are just the beginning of what is flowing forth? Do you trust them? Do you trust me? Do you trust you? Who do you trust and what is trust and what and how is it affecting you/what you do/who you are? Oh if you ask for a fish will I give you a stone?
And who is your father anyway, real and true?
And what is the difference between Genesis 1 and 2?
And carest for to know, do you?
And who will tell you?
And what difference will it make in your life?
Complete. Cataclysmic.
Is that appealing or repelling? And do you want conjecture or truth that scalpels truth from untruth? **And how will you know/discern either, unless you mature, coming into me to get my words directly?**

3. Why settlest thou for the words of man given in conjecture and planning and sermon outlines borrowed from others, **and words spouted for centuries that have no idea of my personableness or intimacy sought/offered.**

4. What is it that you want today? **Carest thou for me, for truth, for abundance, for reality, or choosest thou to remain in web'd deceit of thousands of generations upon worlds far and near?** Or choosest to pick the words out of the mouth of man, man not of my choosing or design that knowest not the kingdom of heaven in fullness, which is in them so magnificent, yet covered over with words of others arranged in darkness casting? Or will you seek truth/to mature? And what is truth and what is maturity and why oh man of sorrows do you continue in cycles not of me when I offer you eternal life in separation not from me, but being so me, that you are me?

5. **Why would I talk/speak like this with a man, a man in a coffeeshop, a coffeeshop simple with a simple man typing out my words and sharing them as my heart? Why would I? I love you, and I want you to know me intimately/directly. Is that okay? Or must I meet your demands to acquiesce to the authority of those you give authority over you?**

6. What can you see, what can you say, what can you hear, what will you write with whose name on it? And will you behold me in the simpleness of simpleton not, but one simple enough to know I love my body and speak directly, penning my words/messages day after day, night after night, in words many, many, but not like will begin to come forth. Watch me. Watch me flow forth from beginning to end and night to day and day to night and who will come into me to know and discern what is who? I love you each one. Is this not a clarion call to come into me to know my voice directly, and quit seeking only my words from/though another? Will you come into me to let me show/reveal myself directly? Will you? Or are you too afraid, timid, shy, and/or unbelieving that I will talk with my beloved this way?

7. Oh come to me oh man/woman of sorrows and let me lift, elevate, and share my life/cup you. Will you? Will you please? **Will you pick up your pen and write and write and write and trust me to come through the words you write? Will you?** Will you write your mind or mine? And why does perfection sought above the criticism of others paralyze? Am I not the teacher? Will I not teach? Can I not correct as I caress and caress as I correct, all the while nurturing and revealing and linking my past with yours not as thought, but in directuality? **See. Consider. Yea ponder and take action**. Please.

8. **Who will you trust? What are you doing with your breath, your decisions, your time thought so fleeting? And why won't you lead in the authority I give you, authority I give you, authority I have given you, to do what? Lead in surrender, surrender, surrender to meekness and those you lead, giving your life a ransom for them, bowing before them and lifting them from the dust to the chair of royalty, mine. I love you/them. Do you love/them? Do you love? Do you them bring to me for my voice and substance not just maintaining but abundancing**?

9. Who will you see/read/believe and what will you receive this day as I make myself known like/as in no other in mystory? What will you do with my words I make up through you, creating that which has never been, will you let me?

10. Knowest not who you are and/with all your creative ability? Who is suppressing it/you? Your religion/religious thoughts/thought that represent me not in fullness to help you know who you are? And what is your mind full of and what radiatest thou?

11. It all changes. All who want me for all I am and come into me for my words directly to them change. They change. They mature. They pay a price immense, deep, and broad, and giving their life for many, become a ransom for many. **What am I saying and what will I say to/through you if you pick up your pen and type my words? Will you let me flow? Will you let me flow?** Will you let me give you my words so that you change, your life changes, your circumstances change, your provision and manner of appearance change? And what have I said/declared and will you let me see me in your eyes and the words of your pen/mouth?

12. **What authority have you given others to shut your receptors?** And why oh creative one surrendered to the creator? What will you that I do for you today, give/help your vision see my words in your mind/eyes and set you free? Yea, what more would I like/enjoy? Do I want to be known by you afar off only through another/religion? Do I not seek intimacy with my creation day after day, night after night, message after message? **Do I not lay before you bare and offer you my kingdom without boundaries? Do I not invite you to share my throne, share, share, share my throne, my throne, my throne, yea you sitting on my throne, and yea does/will not all change when you know you are me and I have all provision waiting for you? And I will teach you all, all, all from my heart directly into yours?**

13. **What is my New Covenant?** And what will you see, read, ingest, and let become part of you to the extent that there is no other part?
See. What. I. Have. Said.
I love you all. Thank you.

14. I give you more shortly. Do I ever stop?

15. **I love you my friends, developing, strengthening each other in the finest move of my hand/heart ever; fine, fine, ultra fine, scalpeling my words from not my words, and truth giving,**

scalpeling untruth from residual un-meekness within you. See what I have said with love and meekness through a simple one in a coffeeshop.

16. Where will you write my words? Your back yard? Your chapel, closet, and on stages before millions? See my generations waiting on your/my words through my chosen who choose to wait before me and receive/flow my words to others.

17. River be.

Thank you.

Amen